

panionship over that faithful filial child.

As the slender figure went down the stairs and out into the street, she watched it tenderly, and drawing from her neck the small gold locket she always wore around it, opened it and exposed the handsome refined face of a man of thirty. Tears sprang into her eyes as she looked into the ones that had so long ago ceased to beam on her with love, and the silent lips that had never spoken but in gentleness to her. "Could you but see our child, George," she said softly, "as I see her, what happiness would be yours. But you are happier to-day in your celestial home than earthly ties could make you, and I do not wish you back. But, oh, George, pray for me and pray for her."

"Does you pway to pictures. I mean little pictures?" piped a shrill little voice, and turning, Mrs. Raymond saw her landlady's young son standing in the doorway. He had come up so quietly that she had not heard him, and he must have been watching her for quite a few minutes.

She bade him come in, and held the pictured face down to him.

"Ain't he a pwetty man; who is he, Mrs. Waymond?"

"That's the big girl's father. Is that not what you call Rosamond? He is dead and in heaven."

"No; I used to call her the big girl what has gold hair, but muzzer don't let me say it any more, so I says Miss Wosamond now." He shook his head with great importance, and Mrs. Raymond replaced the locket about her neck and smiled. "What a good boy you are. That is right, always do what mamma says, and you will never do wrong. Did you want to see Rosamond?"

"No; I knowed I can't, 'cause I just saw her going out, but I'm sowwy, cause I like her to talk to me. I like you, too, but you know big girls can play wif little boys more better'n big ladies."

"So they can, Charlie. How's mamma?"

"She's well; she's going out now, and I comed up to see if I could stay wif you till she comes back."

"Of course you can, Charlie. Rosamond will be glad to find you here."

As Mrs. Raymond watched the cherubic face, and the active childish body moving about the room, she sighed softly. Away in the Virginian grave yard slept the child, her first born, of whom this one so reminded her in face, form and manner. Her boy—a Charles, too,—would have been a man now, but he had been given the better part, and had been taken from this world, while yet his soul was covered with the robe of his baptismal innocence, and she rejoiced in the thought.

"Oh, look! here is Miss Rosamond coming back," exclaimed Charlie, as he stopped on his tour of the room whose crevices and nooks he had been examining with all a child's curiosity, and looked out of the high dormer window.

"She has forgotten something; too bad now she had to come back."

When Rosamond appeared up the stairs, and had been greeted vociferously by Master Charlie, she was flushed and panting.

"What is it, dearie?" her mother asked. "You should not walk so quickly; what have you forgotten?"

"That piece of music I promised Annie Bawn. I was nearly down to the corner when I remembered it, and I had to walk back quick, because I have no time to spare. I am glad you have company, mother," and pinching Charlie's fat cheek and securing the forgotten music from the top of the old piano, Rosamond went out again. A keen March wind was blowing and it rattled down the chimneys and along the stony streets, until it bade fair to take charge of things generally. Rosamond was fearful every minute, lest she would be blown down, but the keen invigorating air and the snatches of sunshine that appeared at intervals made her buoyant spirits still more so, and she enjoyed the freedom the wind was taking with her, with a pleasure akin to delight. She had not gone far, however, in the direction of Broadway, when she noticed signs of some excitement amongst the passersby who began, one by one, to stop and look with fixed eyes up the street. As precious as her time was, something impelled her to do likewise, and she soon saw with horrified eyes, a sight that made her tremble. Tearing along at terrific